THE HORN BOOK

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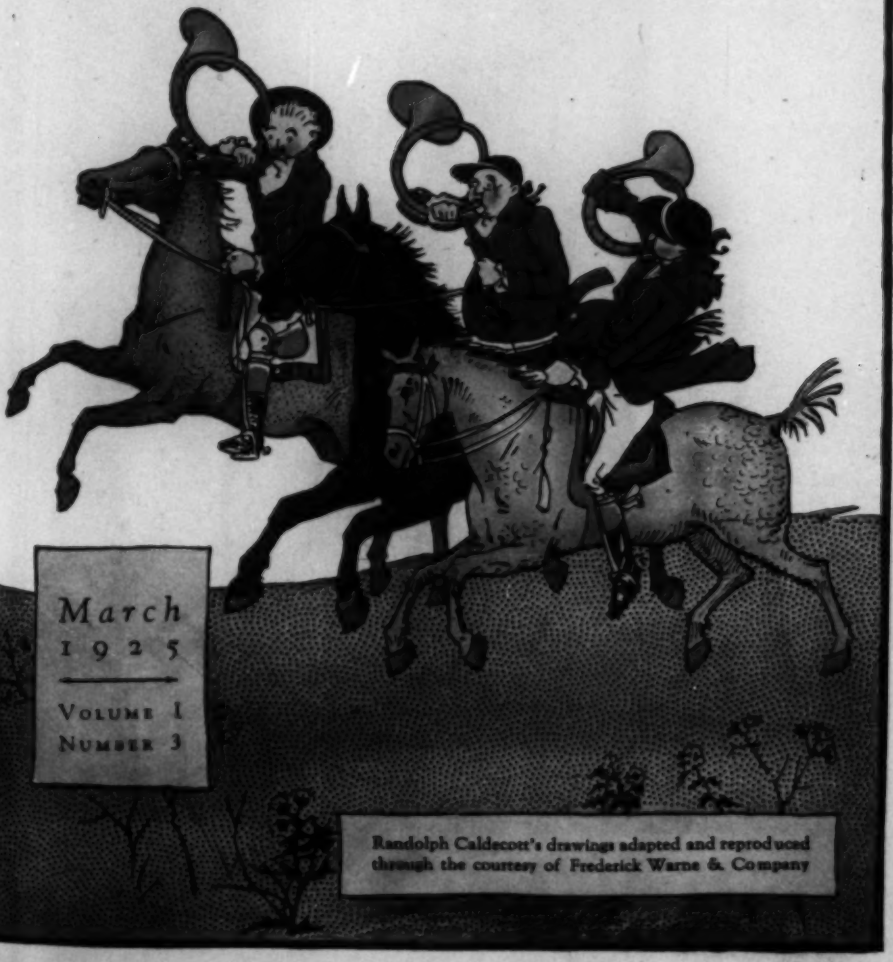

March
1925

VOLUME I
NUMBER 3

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume I MARCH, 1925 *Number 3*

"TO PAY MY SHOT"—an appreciation of CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES, followed by several articles touching upon his life and influence

"THE SCARLET COCKEREL"—reviewed by CLAYTON H. ERNST

LESLIE BROOKE: *Pied Piper of Picture Books*, by ANNE CARROLL MOORE

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THE RIDDLE OF THE BOOKSELLER

SUMMER EXHIBIT OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

PRIZE PLAY COMPETITION

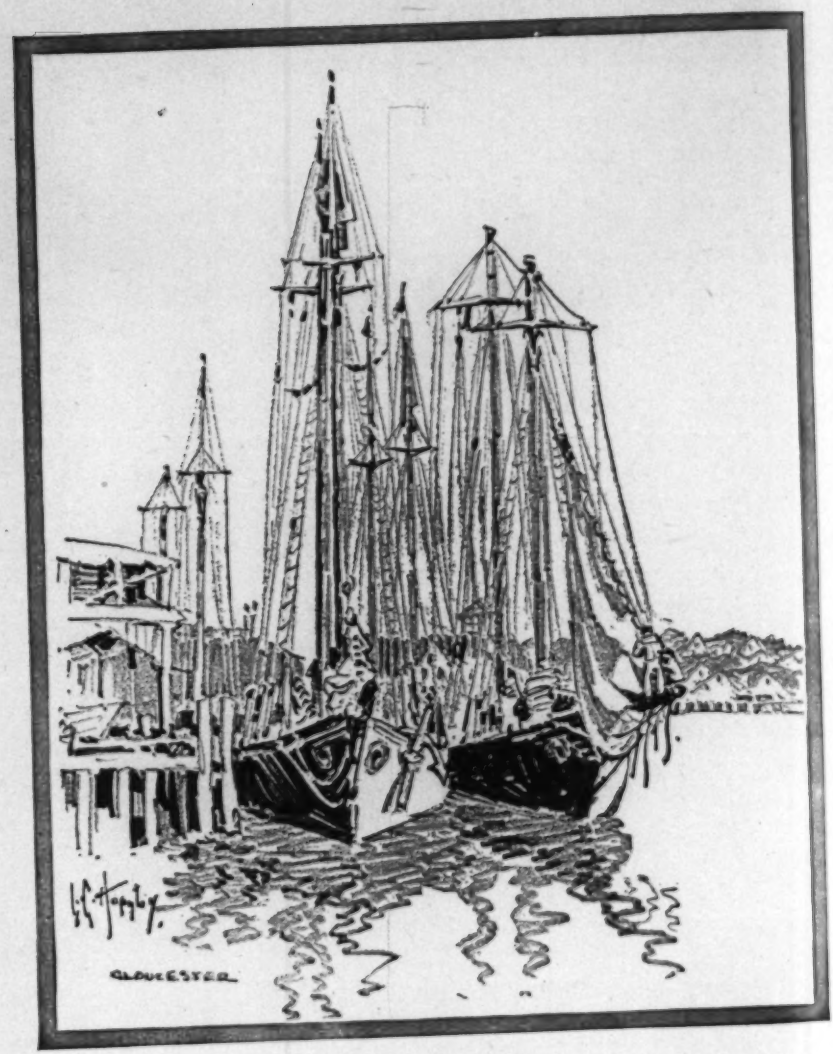
BOOK REVIEWS (interspersed)

Published four times a year. Subscription price, 50 cents; single copies, 15 cents.

All honour be to merchantmen,
And ships of all degree
In warlike dangers manifold
Who sail and keep the sea,—
In peril of unlitten coast
And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
To bring their cargoes home.
A liner out of Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—
A hard-run tramp from anywhere—a tug from Merseyside—
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead—a coaler from the Tyne—
All honour be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

C. Fox Smith.

From "The Magic Carpet, Poems for Travellers."
Reviewed on page 21.



GRAND BANKERS
SUMMER RIG – WINTER RIG

Drawing by Lester G. Hornby for
"Gloucester by Land and Sea,"
by Charles Boardman Hawes

THE HORN BOOK

Volume I MARCH, 1925 *Number 3*

"TO PAY MY SHOT

To master, mate, and men of the ship *Hunter*, whose voyage is the backbone of my story; to Capt. David Woodard, English mariner, who more than a hundred and twenty years ago was wrecked on the island of Celebes; to Capt. R. G. F. Candage of Brookline, Mass., who was party to the original contract in melon seeds; and to certain blue-water skippers who have left sailing directions for eastern ports and seas, I am grateful for fascinating narratives and journals, and indebted for incidents in this tale of an earlier generation.

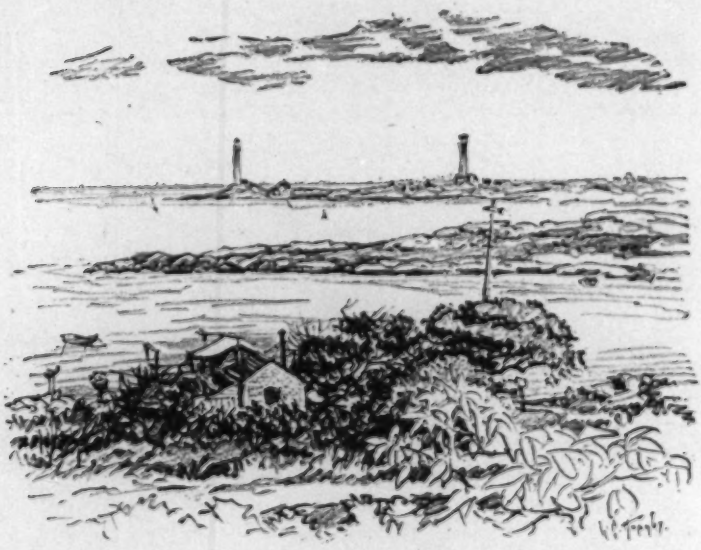
C. B. H."

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES brought to the writing of his tales great skill as a story-teller, but into them he also put true happenings, as his Foreword to "The Mutineers" quoted above states. He did not write "The Mutineers," "The Great Quest," and "The Dark Frigate" expressly for young people; he had the stories to tell—he paid his shot, in fact, by giving back in his own particular coin the pleasure he had himself obtained in pursuing his great interest —ships and the sea. That is the reason why the books have made such a place for themselves with the youth of today.

His interest was in the nature of a hobby. He approached the subject not with a scholar's painstaking research, but more as a roving seaman, loving the adventure, perils, and romance, but always, too, with an accurate mind for facts. So he haunted the second-hand bookstores on the hunt for sea logs and old sea chronicles, and so he read the catalogues of certain English booksellers, gathering a notable small collection of rare books.

When he came to choose a home for his young family, he felt it must be near the sea, and he settled in Gloucester; for he loved the cliffs and the uplands; and the storms and winds as you get them there.

Perhaps because he lived in a spot full of personal associations for us; perhaps because of his keen gray eyes and clear, forceful, genuine personality; or perhaps because, as some one has said, "He had the wind with him"; whenever he came, we



Drawing by Lester Hornby in "Gloucester by Land and by Sea," by Charles Boardman Hawes

saw in our imagination the blue ocean as it is on a clear, cool day. And we always tried to stand as tall and straight as possible, and speak swiftly and to the point while he was there. He was himself, you see, the stuff that skippers are made of.

He could talk about ships and true happenings on the sea in such a way as to make one part of the ship's company, however perilous such company at that particular moment might be. Think what a wonderful time the boys and girls of a school not far away must have had on that spring day in 1923 when Mr. Hawes went to them to explain the evolution of the ship.

It was mutual wonderment, as it happened, for he on his part was so impressed by the work at this school that he left "sailing directions" that the educational journey of Peter and Baldwin, his two little boys, should make its formal start from this "port."

It is one of the rich treasures of The Bookshop's life that Charles Hawes was a constant visitor. There are some of us who believe that a place actually gains in richness from the true persons who frequent it and who leave behind something of their spirit—in pleasure, in interest, or in thought.

One day, not many weeks before he died so suddenly, he came into The Bookshop and said, "Help me to find some good novels to read." The books he usually chose were not fiction. "I've been having a terribly busy winter and spring and I feel tired. The Gloucester book ('Gloucester by Land and by Sea') is finished. 'The Dark Frigate' is done, and I begin to see the end of the history of whaling."

Such an impressive year of accomplishment it seemed at the time. In the light of later events, it has seemed almost miraculous.

Books mentioned in this article: Hawes: *The Mutineers—The Great Quest—The Dark Frigate* (*Atlantic*), each, $2.00; *Gloucester by Land and Sea* (Little), $6.00; *Whaling* (Doubleday), $5.00.

PETER AND POETRY

PETER and his father sat in the big armchair, deliberating on a question of great moment and not a little difficulty. "We can't decide," Peter's father called out to me as I passed the open door, "what book to get for Pete's 's'prise.'" The "s'prise" was a reward (a "prize") for signal merit in conquering a besetting small sin, and both father and son had agreed, as a matter of course, that it should be a book. "The book that has 'The Golden Journey to Samarcand'" was the child's first choice (he was a little over five years old then), but he was nonplussed at the dilemma of choosing between it and "Pike County Ballads," with its "Wreck of the Prairie Belle."

Peter's father, you will have guessed, was strongly of the opinion that a child's literary diet should not consist exclusively of "juvenile literature"—a suggestive term, that!—and much that he read to his small son was in the nature of supplies for future, as well as for present, needs. From the Bible, of course, from Keats, Masefield, Chesterton, Kipling, Macaulay, and William Morris,*—"a diversity of creatures," surely!—he read many of his own favorites and shared them with his son. At first, perhaps the child got no more than the rhythm and sway, with a dim sense of the mood in his father's voice; but surely rhythm and mood are among the essentials of poetry and bulk large in that first love of poetry which a child may have to feel long before he is even five years old. Vivid mental pictures soon showed themselves, and when the long age of asking questions began, there came with it prompt answers—simple, clear, unevasive, true. "Even if it be only a stanza at a time, even if it be only a line at a time," Peter's father said, "let us give the child something worth inquiring about and see that he understands it. Let us give him something that will develop his mental teeth and keep them in condition; not retellings, not 'adaptations,' *not mental pap!*"

DOROTHEA HAWES.

*Notably the stories of Adam and Eve, David, Noah, the prophecy according to Isaiah, the birth of Christ; St. Agnes' Eve, Cargoes, The West Wind, Don Juan of Austria, The Miracles, The Bell Buoy, The Explorer (but there are far too many of Kipling to enumerate them all), The Lays of Ancient Rome, and Keith of Ravelstone. Many others as valuable, and as diverse, come to mind, but space is lacking. These are offered as types.

THE HAWES PRIZE STORY

"The Scarlet Cockerel," by Clifford M. Sublette, to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, March 15

"I read it and I'm young again," said Maurice Francis Egan, in referring to "The Mutineers." The genial diplomat and man of letters found this book by Charles Boardman Hawes "a perfect gem of excitement and illusion." When Hawes died suddenly, at the age of thirty-four, in the summer of 1923, he was mourned by a large circle of readers who had been quick to discover the enthrallment of the gifted author's fine adventure stories. In tribute to his memory, and in the hope of finding another story-teller of the same high standard, the Atlantic Monthly Press offered the Charles Boardman Hawes prize of $2,000 for the best adventure tale submitted before October 1, 1924.

Of the scores of manuscripts received, "The Scarlet Cockerel," by Clifford M. Sublette, was the unanimous first choice of the judges. This book will be published March 15, 1925. Mr. Sublette is thirty-seven years old, and has hitherto published short stories only. He lives in Colorado, and has agricultural interests which require travel throughout the Western farming states. His book is a rousing tale of the French Huguenot colonists in the Carolinas. A descendant of the French Huguenots who settled in Virginia at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Mr. Sublette has had a lifelong interest in the study of early American beginnings, which is revealed in the fascinating historical background he provides for "The Scarlet Cockerel."

Two of the other manuscripts submitted for the Charles Boardman Hawes prize were so close to the winner in merit that they will be published simultaneously with "The Scarlet Cockerel." These are "Old Brig's Cargo," by Dr. Henry A. Pulsford of South Orange, N. J., and "The Clutch of the Corsican," by Alfred H. Bill of Minneapolis, Minn.

"THE SCARLET COCKEREL"

IF there is anything in this spirit business which Conan Doyle and other less distinguished persons are talking about, I may, about a hundred years from now, get an answer through some Twenty-First Century "Margery" to a question that has interested me ever since I read, in manuscript form, Charles Boardman Hawes' first book, "The Mutineers."

"Here," I said to myself, "is the real, Simon Pure, unadulterated brand of literature—with no artificial color and no puckery preservatives to keep it from spoiling while it has a brief day on the market."

If I am right about the Hawes books and Sir Arthur is right about the spirits, "Margery" may tell me in 2025 that the Bookshop on Boylston Street is displaying in its windows new editions of "The Mutineers," "The Great Quest," and "The Dark Frigate," and that, even as in 1925, authors are striving to imitate the style and story-telling genius of the young man who from 1920 to 1923 passed across the literary firmament as vividly as a shooting star on a summer night.

This may seem to be a roundabout introduction to "The Scarlet Cockerel," but this book, with its picturesque title, came into being as the result of a two-thousand-dollar prize offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press for the best adventure-novel to carry on the Charles Boardman Hawes tradition. Of the hundred or more writers who attempted to catch the spirit that runs through the Hawes books, none succeeded so well as Clifford M. Sublette of Denver, Col., who submitted "The Scarlet Cockerel."

It is an adventure story of Sixteenth Century France and the New World with young Blaise de Breault, a Gascon clad in scarlet doublet, as the central figure. Blaise and his companion, Martin Belcastle, whose sword play is the admiration of their friends and the despair of their enemies, enlist in one of Admiral Coligny's attempts to colonize America. In the jungles of Florida and the Carolinas one adventure follows swiftly on another, and existence is further enlivened for the French by the presence of ruthless Spaniards, who massacre

all who differ with them in religion. And Blaise has a mysterious enemy, who follows him relentlessly; and for the sweeter side of life there is a maiden fair and a vast treasure in jewels; and so we have all the elements of a brave adventure tale—swords twinkling fast as light, enemies persistent as death, a lovely lady in peril, and a setting that shifts from romantic France to the limitless waterways and forests of the New World

Mr. Sublette has not been afraid to let his story sweep him along at a swift pace, and yet he has been able to capture something of that essence of reality which so strongly flavors the Hawes books. You will enjoy "The Scarlet Cockerel" and find it easy to believe that the young Gascon did in fact flash brilliantly through the streets of Paris and the everglades of Florida in that half-forgotten century when so many crimes were committed in the name of religion. No one will say that the story reaches the level of the three works of Charles Boardman Hawes, but the verdict of readers, I surely believe, will be that it is a most enjoyable tale, and worthy of the high honor it has won.

CLAYTON H. ERNST.

"There was the sharp ring of steel on steel, a sibilant clash as the blades met and parted." Drawing by Frank M. Rines for "The Scarlet Cockerel."

LESLIE BROOKE:
Pied Piper of English Picture Books

From "The Golden Goose"

"WHO is Leslie Brooke?" we asked, as we delightedly turned the pages of Andrew Lang's Nursery Rhyme Book at Christmas Time, 1897.

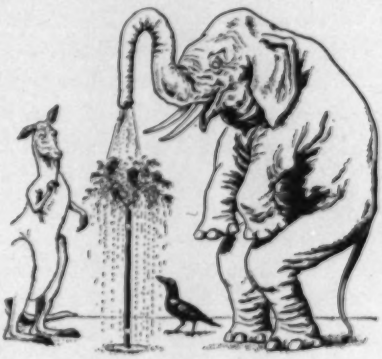
"Who dares make new pictures for Edward Lear?" we said in 1900, with a scornful look at "The Jumblies" and "The Pelican Chorus" in gay new picture book covers. "Why, it's Leslie Brooke again," we exclaimed. "Now, can that be the real name of an artist—be it man or woman—or is it a name out of a nursery rhyme? 'The most beneficent and innocent of all books,' this artist, with his own sense of nonsense, calls the Nonsense Books of Edward Lear, and wants the children of a new generation to know and love them. That's why the books were given a new form, and I do believe more children are going to like them. This artist ought to make a picture book of his own. He is no mere illustrator. He's a picture book artist."

And that is precisely what Leslie Brooke did do. He made a picture book of his very own and called it "Johnny Crow's Garden." This jolly, timeless book, with its priceless gifts of true humor and original interpretation, went straight to the hearts of children of all ages, and for twenty years and more has held first place in the affection of American children.

With the coming of "Johnny Crow's Garden" we began to feel personally acquainted with Leslie Brooke, for the words of its dedication are revealing words:—

> "To the memory of my Father, who first told me of 'Johnny Crow's Garden,' and to my Boys, for whom I have set on record these facts concerning it."

And as the Christmas holidays brought one after another of his inimitable picture books—"The Three Bears," "The Three Little Pigs," "The Golden Goose," "Tom Thumb," "The Man in the Moon," "Oranges and Lemons," and all the rest—we said: "These are picture books out of England itself. There have been none to compare with them in their simplicity of drawing and clearness of color since the golden days of Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, and Walter Crane. Why doesn't some one tell us who Leslie Brooke is?"



From "Johnny Crow's Party"

The dedication of Johnny Crow's Party—"To my nephew Somerset, happy in a name that assures his welcome to Johnny Crow's, or any other party"—deepened our impression that behind the pictures was a personality in full touch with childhood, past and present, but still we knew not the artist.

Our Fairy Godmother, Marie L. Shedlock, brought the first actual tidings of Leslie Brooke. "He is a man and he's alive and living in London," she said. "He lives in a charming house in St. John's Wood." She had visited his studio with a friend—a friend who probably knows him and his wife—a daughter of Stopford Brooke—better than any one else in England. Leslie Brooke had never before been told how much the children of the American public libraries cared for his picture books and he was deeply touched, the Fairy Godmother said, and then she added: "You must go and tell him yourself, some day, just what it has meant to have had such books appear at a time when the vulgarities of the comic sheet were being repeated in picture books for American children."

From "The Story of the Three Little Pigs"

It was close upon Midsummer Eve in 1921 that, by invitation of the same dear friend of Leslie Brooke, I visited his

studio on behalf of thousands of American children who love his picture books. Unfinished drawings for "Ring O' Roses," published in 1922, were there, but I was taken back and back, as I had hoped to be, by earlier work and delightful talk, to the days when Leslie Brooke began to paint portraits.

As a young artist, he had painted Barrie, then a young writer, and from memory he had painted his friend, Arnold Glover. Over and over again he had painted the beautiful face of his wife, with the golden hair, and I saw at once that she lives for children in "The Golden Goose Book." One of the two sons for whom "Johnny Crow's Garden" was made did not come back from the War, and Leslie Brooke had published no new picture book since 1916.

From "The Story of the Three Bears"

"I'd like to do another Johnny Crow if you think the children would still get fun out of it," he said wistfully.

"There's no shadow of doubt about it," was my reply. "They love 'Johnny Crow,' and it's the best book on gardening I've ever seen."

For many years, Leslie Brooke's studio was in his garden at Hampstead, and there an immense amount of work was done with the modesty and degree of technical skill which have given him his unique place among living artists of children's books of the first rank.

Leslie Brooke has since gone to live in a little village near Oxford, close to the meadows and slopes associated with Scott's Amy Robsart and with Matthew Arnold's dearly loved haunts.

A lifelong friend writes of him: "Leslie Brooke is of Irish extraction—a descendant, on his father's side, of Henry Brooke of County Cavan, the author of 'The Fool of Quality,' a novel in five volumes, published in 1766. As an artist, Leslie Brooke has succeeded as a portrait painter and illustrator of children's books.

"His extraordinary powers of observation and delicate sympathy with every phase of life have linked his own creative faculties as an artist to a rare understanding of 'the inner side

of things.' Even his thumb-nail sketches bring a smile of happy amusement to any one who understands 'children,' whatever the age may be.

"He is a lover of the countryside and a first rate walker. As a companion on the open road, or by the running stream, his charm is a part of the surroundings, and leaves the same memory of 'far-off days,' never to be forgotten. A keen sense of humor is his by inheritance, and speech is hardly needed to illustrate his intuitive appreciation of wit or wholesome fun."

Such is Leslie Brooke, lover of Caldecott and Edward Lear, himself no less beloved by the fortunate children of his own time.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE.

Books mentioned in this article:

Brooke:	*Johnny Crow's Garden*	$1.75
	Johnny Crow's Party (Warne)	1.75
	Ring o' Roses	3.00
Also in parts: Picture Books—I—II—III—IV	each	2.00
Lear:	*Nonsense Songs*	3.00
	The Jumblies	1.50
	Pelican Chorus	1.50

PADRAIC COLUM
from a drawing by Willy Pogany

—Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

HOW THE BOY TELEMACHUS SET SAIL IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER

ATHENE sent a whisper through the hall and Telemachus heard and rose up and came where she stood. Now she had on the likeness of old Mentor, the friend of his father Odysseus. "Come," said she, "your friends are already at the oars. We must not delay them." But some of the youths had come with the one whom they thought was old Mentor. They carried with Telemachus the skins of corn and the casks of wine. They came to the ship, and Telemachus, with a cheer, climbed into it. Then the youths loosed the oars. And Athene, in the likeness of old Mentor, sat at the helm.

And now they set up the mast of pine, and they made it fast with forestays, and they hauled up the sails with ropes of twisted oxhide. And a wind came and filled out the sails, and the youths pulled at the oars, and the ship dashed away. All night long Telemachus and his friends sat at the oars and under the sails, and felt the ship bearing them swiftly onward through the dark water. Phemius, the minstrel, was with them, and, as the night went by, he sang to them of Troy and of the heroes who had waged war against it.

TROY, the minstrel sang, was the greatest of the cities of men; it had been built when the demigods walked the earth; its walls were so strong and so high that enemies could not break them nor scale them; Troy had high towers and great gates; in its citadels there were strong men well armed, and in its treasuries there were stores of gold and silver. And the King of Troy was Priam. He was old now, but he had sons who were good captains. The chief of them all was Hector.

Hector, the minstrel sang, was a match for any warrior the nations could send against Troy. Because he was noble and generous, as well as brave, the people were devoted to him. And Hector, Priam's son, was commander in the city.

. . . . . .

So the ship went on through the dark water very swiftly, with the goddess Athene, in the likeness of old Mentor, guiding it, and with the youths listening to the song that Phemius the minstrel sang.

(*From "The Children's Homer: The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy."* By Padraic Colum.)

STORIES OUT OF THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD

TO steal forth in the night, with other boys, to search all the world for his father—it was a lucky fate for the boy Telemachus. When he sets sail for home at the end of Part I of "The Children's Homer," we have heard with him, as the Greeks themselves heard it, from many bards, the story of Troy. Now in Part II, with Odysseus himself, we win past the Lotos land, the Cyclops, the Rocks Wandering—and at last reach his own hearth again. Pallas Athene brings him peace: "Hold your hands from fierce fighting, ye men of Ithaka," she calls out in a terrible voice; "hold your hands." And she makes them enter into a covenant, and Odysseus is to be King.

"He knew then that his visitor was an immortal."
A picture by Willy Pogany for
"The Children's Homer."

So the Iliad and the Odyssey are retold, clearly and simply, as Homer told them, but arranged to make the adventure story of a boy and his father. The book was written "For Hughie and Peter: this telling of the world's greatest story; because their imaginations rise to deeds and wonders." They read it in 1918; and the rage of Achilles was as real to them as the French ace of the day's headline, for his tent, his equipment, his daily life, were there on the page. They read the great

war into the sorrow of King Priam, and they wondered at the gods and were silent for a while. Then they strayed in magic places with Odysseus, and grew to feel at home in a world already their own, with its sudden enchantments, the beauty of its few material possessions, slow moving time, heroes who outwit the wicked and buoyantly rebound from dark fear. The world of "The Children's Homer" was the right world for Hughie and Peter, and they wanted to know more of it.

So they had "The Golden Fleece," and again they set sail with a youth. It was Jason, and they saw other bright-eyed youths help him to build the Argo, and the messengers go forth to assemble the heroes of Greece for its voyage. At last Jason hung the Golden Fleece in Iolcus. There young men came, year after year, to read the words that Jason had put upon the pillar beside it—the words that Triton spoke to the Argonauts when they were fain to win their way out of the inland sea:

THAT IS THE OUTLET OF THE SEA WHERE THE DEEP WATER LIES UNMOVED AND DARK; ON EACH SIDE ROLL WHITE BREAKERS WITH SHINING CRESTS; AND THE WAY BETWEEN FOR YOUR PASSAGE OUT IS NARROW. BUT GO IN JOY, AND AS FOR LABOR, LET THERE BE NO GRIEVING THAT LIMBS IN YOUTHFUL VIGOR SHOULD STILL TOIL.

In these two books there is the whole of the Greek epic, and many short tales besides, told by the minstrels, as the ships of the heroes win their way over the sea. Just as they weave these many strands into an adventurous and logical pattern, so in "The Children of Odin" the stories of the Norse Eddas fall into one strange, compelling romance. In its four parts—The Dwellers in Asgard; Odin the Wanderer; The Witch's Heart; The Sword of the Volsungs and The Twilight of the Gods—boys and girls may find the source of great German operas, and great poetry of the Anglo-Saxon world.

"With the great ships sailing before the wind, and with the great Bran striding through the sea . . ."

From "The Island of the Mighty"
The drawing by Wilfred Jones

Mr. Colum is making a literature for children of today out of these epics, because he believes that children should know them as their racial inheritance. In retelling these stories from the youth of many races, he keeps close to their very first tellings. One of our great heritages is the King Arthur cycle, told in one way in France, retold in many ways in England, but first told in Wales. So from the Welsh tales of the young apprentice bards (the Mabinogion) he shaped that new tale of brave young men in early Britain, "The Island of the Mighty."

It is the first time that these four great literatures are made each into a connected book for children. Of course children, very sensibly, do prefer long tales; they prefer to know their heroes well and to meet them under many tests, and to carry them through long adventures. And Mr. Colum believes we should form the habit of "getting things whole"; we must not give our children "snippets," as our modern world tends. Children are at home in the ages when stories lasted all night. Let them not lose that power to feel deeply, and to sense a life, a literature, as completely as one whole book can show it to them. Let them hear "the voice of the bard," as these people of old heard it. We children feel very small against this vast background of wind and sea, of wide deserted plain, and the hoofbeats of lonely messengers. For comfort on the road, for courage before the battle, for joy after it, the voice of the bard is lifted. And we really feel the rhythm of the spoken voice on every page. That is because Padraic Colum learned to tell stories from the old men of his boyhood in Ireland. A prose based on the living voice, and coming from the mind of a poet, is a most unusually fortunate thing to find for children today.

He heard, for instance, "The Peep-Show Man," whose book now honors "The Little Library." "This man," he says, "had a very slow and deliberate way of talking, and in his speech there were many remarkable words that he used to dwell upon with great satisfaction. It was just as wonderful to hear him talk as it was to look into the box that he carried." In this little book, and in other slender volumes of so-called fairy tales, there are told the most deeply cherished of European folk romances. Cinderella, for instance, appears in "The Girl Who

"Beautiful were those battle maidens, and fearless." The Valkyrie, by Willy Pogany, end papers for "The Children of Odin."

Sat by the Ashes." The enchanter who haunted the medieval imagination—Babylonian, Egyptian, French—shapes "The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter."

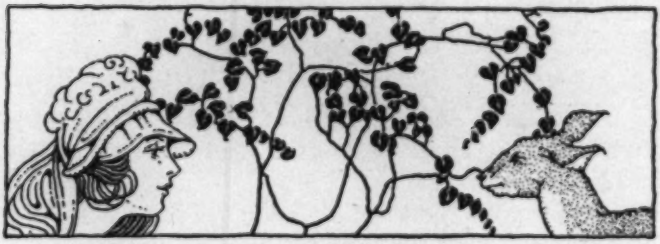
This poet's prose breaks now and then into two or three lines of verse; his heroes sing; the starlings sing, to comfort Cinderella, a song of the Little Brown Jug that she loves to shine; and who can forget the song of the journey in "The King of Ireland's Son," which begins:

The blackbird shakes his metal notes
Against the edge of day,
And I am left upon my road
With one star on my way.

If a man's mind turns to such tales and songs as these, you can imagine that he could not talk down to children. Ruskin said: "Children will find in the apparently vain and fitful courses of old time a teaching for which no other can be substituted and of which the power cannot be measured; animating for them the material world with its inextinguishable life, preparing them submissively, and with no bitterness of astonishment, to behold in later years the mystery of the fates that happen alike to the evil and the good." Mr. Colum quotes this saying and writes in this spirit. So his books are for old and young alike. You feel in his poems and plays and in his novel, "Castle Conquer," the same truth to the reality of the world about him, the same essential kindliness, and the same sense of excitement, of life which will open wider with every new day. "Wild Earth" and "Dramatic Legends," his volumes of

poetry, A. E. called the best gifts of the mind a poet could send home to his own land. Through Padraic Colum, Ireland gives us a renewed sense of the heroic in our world, a new reading of romance and beauty, an impulse to quicken our friendship with the best of our literary inheritance and hand it on clearly and as a whole to our children.

LOUISE H. SEAMAN.



"Then Golden Hood saw a white faun, where the crocuses grow." Drawing by Dugald Walker for "The Children Who Followed the Piper."

Books by Padraic Colum mentioned in this article:

The Boy Apprenticed to an Enchanter	$1.75
Children's Homer	2.00
The Children of Odin	2.00
The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes	1.75
The Golden Fleece and the Heroes Who Lived Before Achilles	2.00
The Island of the Mighty	2.25
The King of Ireland's Son	2.25
Castle Conquer	2.00
Dramatic Legends	1.50
Wild Earth	.75

"THE MAGIC CARPET"

ARE you going abroad this summer? If you are, and when you choose the one or two books to take with you everywhere, choose the new anthology, compiled by Mrs. Waldo Richards, and entitled, *"The Magic Carpet, Poems for Travellers."

But suppose you are not going abroad, take it with you anywhere. We're speaking from experience, for we went the other day down on the Cape with a friend and we took many books, but the book we read the most, and constantly, was "The Magic Carpet." One of our first joys in it was the discovery of a new poem—"Song of the Little Villages," by James B. Dollard. Can you read it? I'll quote you just the first verse to try:—

"The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish glynns
Down among the wheatfields—up amid the whins,
The little white-walled villages crowding close together,
Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather:
Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,
Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle,
Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,
Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare."

There are four other verses, in which are named many more little villages—"cozy little villages that shelter from the mist, where the great West Walls by ocean spray are kissed"; "happy little villages that cuddle in the sun when blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done."

Then suppose you're bound for England, to land at Plymouth, and go straight into Devonshire. Think of the joy of knowing John Marriot's poem, "A Devonshire Lane." If you ride a horse, you can chant it to the motion of your steed, and muse on the philosophy of it.

*Not compiled expressly for young folks, but one which boys and girls from 12 years on will enjoy owning.

"Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow,—'tis an inference plain,—
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane."

No, I'm not telling you *all* of this either.

We took special delight in the poems on London and found in that group another poem new to us, by Nancy Byrd Turner—"Going Up to London." Of this we are giving you the second verse.

"When I go up to London
'Twill be in April weather.
I'll have a riband on my rein
And flaunt a scarlet feather;
The broom will toss its brush for me;
Two blackbirds and a thrush will be
Assembled in a bush for me
And sing a song together.
And all the blossomy hedgerows
Will shake their hawthorn down
As I go riding, riding
Up to London town."

And we liked Arthur Guiterman's poem, "The London Bobby":—

"The finest thing in London is the Bobby;
Benignant information is his hobby."

We know that is true. One day last spring when we were going along Davies Street we asked of one, "Do the buses for Wembley go along Oxford Street?" and nothing else, not wishing to trouble him. And after his answer, "Yes," we moved along. But the Bobby turned a half-circle on his heel and swung about, saying, "Well, don't you want to know the number?" Of course we did, and he told us.

"Don't be autobiographic
While he's regulating traffic,
But when less pronounced congestion
Gives him leisure, put your question,
And without the slightest fuss
He will designate the bus
That will take you out to Stratford,
Brixton, Clapham Junction, Catford,
Hendon, Plaistow, Horsleydown."

Under a section heading, "Birds of Passage," Mrs. Richards has grouped twenty-three poems of the sea and aspects of travel generally. Then follow poems about England, Ireland, and Scotland; and after the British Isles, there are the countries of Europe and Asia, the volume closing properly with a lovely group under the heading, "Homeward Bound." We've been told that Mrs. Richards has a book room in New York—"The Magic Carpet Book Room." If she has gathered there a company of books as charming as the poems in her anthology, it is a room to know well.

She suggests in her Foreword that "the deepest pleasure of travel," "the mystery and charm of anticipation," may in these modern days "be safeguarded for us by traveling with the poets as our pilots. It was Keats who said that 'the great beauty of poetry is that it makes everything in every place interesting.'"

THE RIDDLE OF THE BOOKSELLER

THERE is an entertaining book entitled, "The Canterbury Puzzles." Each member of the famous company of pilgrims to Canterbury is in this book, set down as beguiling the time spent on the road by giving a quaint and curious puzzle of his trade to be propounded by the company. The good profession of bookselling not being represented, we have here devised such a puzzle as one of that calling might have tested the company with had their pilgrimage been in his time.

The Bookseller was a jovial man and much read. He could quote at great length and therein lay the greater part of his riddle.

"In my shop," quoth he, "is a shelf whereon stand a group of eleven choice books. You are asked to remove five books from the eleven, add four books, and leave nine. You could not but think there must needs be ten books left, but this can be done; and what is more, the four books you must add are a certain four books which you must guess from the fragments I shall quote."

And therewith he began his quotations.

THE BOOKSELLER'S FIRST QUOTATION

"The white horse lived to see good days. He got safely home, and spent the winter in a comfortable stable, with no work but being exercised for the good of his health by the stable-boy. It was expensive, but expense was not a first consideration with the Squire, and when he had once decided a matter he was not apt to worry himself with regrets. As to ——— (here the bookseller omitted the name), the very narrowness of the white horse's escape from death exalted him at once to the place of first favorite in her tender heart. Even over the head (and ears) of the new donkey.

"———'s interest in the cart-horse offended her nurse's ideas of propriety, and met with no sympathy from her mother or grandmother. But she was apt to get her own way, and from time to time she appeared suddenly, like a fairy-imp, in the stable, where she majestically directed the groom to hold her up whilst she plied the currycomb on the old horse's back. This over, she would ask, with dignity, 'Do you take care of him, Miles?' And Miles, touching his cap, would reply, 'Certainly, miss; the very greatest of care.' And ——— would add, 'Does he get plenty to eat, do you think?' 'Plenties to heat, miss,' the groom would reply. And she generally closed the conversation with, 'I'm very glad. You're a good man, Miles.'"

The Bookseller's other three quotations will appear in the next three issues of THE HORN BOOK. If you wish to win a prize of any book you may choose, you must guess correctly from what books the three quotations are taken, and explain the riddle if you can. Send in, on or before May 1, the author and title of the book containing this quotation, with your own full name and address.

Please address

THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,
270 Boylston Street, Boston.

(Note: This Contest is open to all ages.)

"GERANIUMS (RED) AND DELPHINIUMS (BLUE)"

From "The Dormouse and the Doctor"

The Dormouse looked round at the view and replied
(When he'd said, "Ninety-Nine") that he'd tried and he'd tried,
And much the most answering things that he knew
Were geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue).

IF the Dormouse is right and geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue) are "the most answering things," there is no doubt in our minds but A. A. Milne's little collection of verses (When We Were Very Young) is a display of the choicest varieties of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue). *They* are the most answering things that we know!

The title of the book in itself is pleasant and creates a warm feeling around the heart, but when we open the book and read, that warm feeling becomes a glow, and spreads and envelops us in the delight of a vivid childhood. We *are* very young. The past tense escapes from the title like the dormouse from its box, and though its tail be "e-nor-mouse," we are: such and such an age on page 1; eight on page 6; and four on page 95.

PUPPY AND I

I met a man as I went walking;
We got talking,
Man and I.
"Where are you going to, Man?" I said
(I said to the Man as he went by).
"Down to the village, to get some bread.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met a Horse as I went walking;
We got talking,
Horse and I.
"Where are you going to, Horse, today?"
(I said to the Horse as he went by.)
"Down to the village to get some hay.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met a Woman as I went walking;
We got talking,
Woman and I.
"Where are you going to, Woman, so early?"
(I said to the Woman as she went by.)
"Down to the village to get some barley.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met some Rabbits as I went walking;
We got talking,
Rabbits and I.
"Where are you going in your brown fur coats?"
(I said to the Rabbits as they went by.)
"Down to the village to get some oats.
Will you come with us?" "No, not I."

I met a Puppy as I went walking;
We got talking,
Puppy and I.
"Where are you going this nice fine day?"
(I said to the Puppy as he went by.)
"Up in the hills to roll and play."
"*I'll* come with you, Puppy," said I.

The book is a most harmonious united action (for there is action from each in his sphere) of Christopher Robin, who inspired it, A. A. Milne, who wrote the free and rhythmic verses, and Ernest H. Shepard, who made the clever and expressive pictures.

Would you not know just from these pictures that Nanny was in formidable danger, but—Heaven be praised!—she was saved!

"I'm a great big lion in my cage,
And I often frighten Nanny with a roar.
Then I hold her very tight, and
Tell her not to be so frightened—
And she doesn't be so frightened any more."

"I wanted a rabbit,
A little brown rabbit,
And I looked for a rabbit
'Most everywhere."

Can you keep the "little brown rabbit" from haunting your thoughts?

He pops out from unexpected corners of your mind and frisks about with your most solemn thoughts.

And lastly, can you resist Christopher Robin?

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

Milne—When We Were Very Young. Dutton $2.00

ALICE-HEIDI'S SECRETS

MY secret this time has something to do with fairy godmothers, because I have just been reading about the Princess Alicia and the Fairy Godmother in "The Magic Fishbone," by Charles Dickens, only the Fairy Godmother is called in this book "the Fairy Grandmarina"—I like the sound of it, don't you?

For a long time my little house, with its white dimity curtains and bright geraniums in the window, seemed too good to be true. At first I was afraid I should wake up and find that it was a dream, but it seemed that I

"Dreamed it, dreamed it in a dream,
And waked and found it true."

Then I was afraid I might touch some magic spot, and the house would shiver and tremble and disappear like a bright soap bubble. It seemed as if the magic spot might be the very middle of the little gray and green and black rug in my living room. It was very foolish, but at first I used to take particular pains to step over that spot, but one morning I decided I must find out about it. I just couldn't wait any longer.

I ran downstairs, stood right in the very middle of the rug, and blindfolded my eyes with my hands.

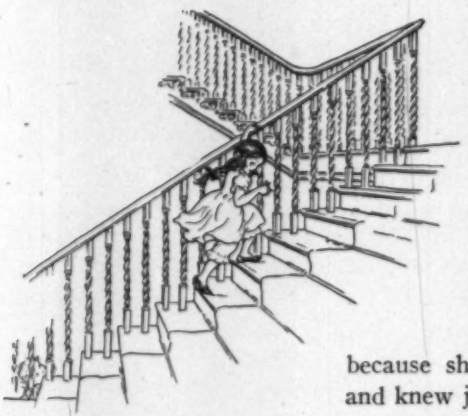
When I took my hands down nothing had happened. There were the sheep going over the bridge on the wallpaper. There was the rose-colored wing-chair, and there was my writing table with all its fixings. My! but I was happy, and I knew there was no magic spot at all.

It was after that that I picked up "The Magic Fishbone," and read about the Princess Alicia and her Grandmarina. Let me tell you the story.

One day the King happened into Mr. Pickles' fish store to buy a piece of salmon for the family dinner; and such a family as he did have to provide for, too—NINETEEN CHILDREN. No wonder he was worried and did not notice the little old lady who was there at the same time, for the children had to be fed and clothed, and pay-day was a long way off.

However, the panting little errand boy soon overtook him as he was going down the street, and close behind trotted the little old lady herself, rustling in silk and smelling deliciously of dried lavender. Of course you know it must indeed be a fairy who would dare to stop a king on the way to his office, and before she was through with him, tell him not to be greedy, and above all, not to ask silly, grown-up reasons for things. She even stamped her foot and said, "Hoity-toity me!"

What she had really stopped him for, after all, was not to scold, but to send a message to the good and beautiful Princess Alicia, who took the best of care of her eighteen brothers and sisters.



The message was about the fishbone she would find on her plate that day at dinner. She was to dry it and rub it and make it shine like mother of pearl, and then she could wish one wish on it, provided she asked for it at the right time.

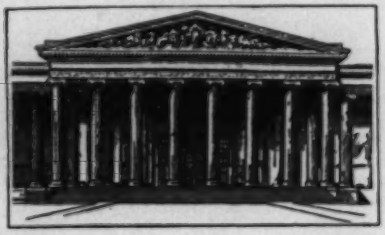
You must read about all the nice things that happened to the Princess Alicia because she was good and beautiful and knew just when to wish her wish.

Why *I* should have a fairy godmother I don't know, but I am quite sure I have one, and that is my secret. Perhaps some day she will come driving up to my door in a chariot drawn by fine peacocks, and then all the children in Boston will come running to see.

ALICE-HEIDI.

The pictures are from "The Magic Fishbone," by Charles Dickens. With illustrations by F. D. Bedford. Frederick Warne Company. $1.50.

BRITISH MUSEUM CARDS



"WHY! here are the British Museum post cards. You remember we got some when we were in London, and now I can get again that set of the Japanese prints which I gave away on the steamer," was a bit of a conversation overheard recently at The Bookshop, where there were shown on the table some of the sets in their familiar orange, gray, and blue envelopes. It is true one does not need to go to London to select the very interesting and colorful cards of the various collections at the British Museum. Here we have some to interest not only the student of ancient and mediæval history, but also the connoisseur of Oriental art treasures. For those who cannot come in to see them, we are giving the list of these sets which we import.

Wall Paintings from Egyptian Tombs at Thebes

1 set—6 cards, in color $0.60

English History

Early Britain—2 sets of 6 cards Each $0.60

First set, in black and white, illustrates British art of the Early Iron Age, and shows designs of early pottery vessels. Second set, in color, reproduces the enamels of the same period.

Anglo-Saxon Period—1 set—15 cards in black and white $0.80

Some of the cards picture the royal coins of this period; also, a facsimile of Beowulf, the oldest poem in the English language.

Thirteenth Century—1 set—15 cards in black and white $0.80

Among the trophies shown of this period are the Equestrian Seals of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester.

Fourteenth Century—2 sets, each containing 15 cards in black and white Each $0.80

First set contains reproductions of drawings depicting mediæval sports and pastimes.

In the second set a facsimile of a passage from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is included.

Fifteenth Century—1 set—15 cards in black and white $0.80

One of these cards shows "The Royal Gold Cup," one of the few outstanding objects which survive from the royal treasures of the Middle Ages.

Sixteenth Century—2 sets of 15 cards in black and white $0.80

Royal portraits and facsimile pages from royal missives, together with pictures of outstanding events of this period.

Italian Illuminations

Sforza Book of Hours—1 set—6 cards Printed in color $0.60

Persian Paintings

Illustrating the Legend of Alexander and other Persian Hero Tales—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Timurid Period—1 set—6 cards, in color $0.60

Taken from early Persian MSS. Scenes of court life of the 14th century.

Safari Period—1 set—6 cards, in color $0.60

Illustrations of hunting and wrestling scenes, a pilgrimage and a battle, taken from Persian MSS. of 16th century.

Persian and Indian Paintings

1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Reproductions of paintings of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Interesting from the point of view of costume.

Indian Paintings

Mughal School—17th and 18th Centuries—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Japanese Color Prints

1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

This series includes examples of "brocade prints" and of the work of ten different artists dating from 1764–1858.

1 set—6 cards, in color $0.60

By Utamaro.

The specimens are chosen from Utamaro's finest period (1790–1800).

1 set—6 cards, in color $0.60

By Hiroshige.

Landscape designs, 1833–1858.

Arts and Crafts

Chinese Porcelain of the Ming Dynasty—1 set—15 cards, some in color $1.50

Reproductions of bowls, vases, and jars of the 15th and 16th centuries.

Chinese Porcelain of the Ch'ing Dynasty—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Examples of the *blue and white, famille verte, famille rose,* and *lang yao* porcelain of the K'ang Hsi period (1662–1722).

Early English Pottery and Slip Ware—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Examples of pottery made in Kent, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire in the 17th and 18th centuries.

English Delft and Salt Glazed Stoneware—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

English Porcelain—1 set—15 cards, in color $1.50

Examples of porcelain of the 18th century made at Bow, Chelsea, Bristol, Derby, Langton, and Worcester.

SUMMER EXHIBIT OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

and Other Exhibition Notes

FOR a long time now The Bookshop has been hearing reports of the wonderful work done by children in Vienna, where Professor Cizek opens his studio to them on Saturdays and Sundays—not for set classes, but that children may find there when they will the opportunity and materials for individual expression. The Bookshop has had for sale the posters, black and white wood block prints, and post cards reproducing this work.

Recently originals have been shown here in Boston. They are delightful, and we do believe that children did them all themselves because we have seen drawings in this country, no farther away than Cambridge, which showed the same spontaneity, the same life and richness of color, and in some cases, the same folk expression, seen in the drawings of the Viennese children.

We understand that Professor Cizek's theory is that children should not be taught to draw until late in the teens; that they should only be encouraged to the freest expression of imagination combined with observation, with no influences except such as are provided by the life about them. If they continue to express themselves freely until fifteen or sixteen, they may then be taught principles of form, color, and technique. His belief is that young people will in this way retain the spontaneity which now they lose, as a rule, in the middle teens.

We do not know whether this exact theory of Professor Cizek's is being worked out in any part of this country, but we do believe a similar movement is at work, and we should like to be able to exhibit during the coming summer American children's drawings produced under conditions most nearly approaching the Cizek plan. The Bookshop asks the coöperation of teachers and parents in collecting this Exhibit.

We are desirous that drawings should be sent in from all parts of the country in order that the work of different locali-

ties may be compared. The Exhibit is arranged for July and August, so that vacation visitors passing through Boston may have an opportunity to see it. The judges are: Charles Hovey Pepper, Charles Hopkinson, and Mrs. Walter H. Kilham.

The specifications follow:

1. Only such drawings as have been planned and executed entirely by children themselves (ages 8 to 14) are wanted. These may be in water colors, crayon, or black and white. They should be sent without mats or frames.
2. We have printed forms to be filled out and attached to each drawing submitted. Please write for as many forms as you have drawings to submit.
3. Do not send more than three drawings by the same child.
4. Enclose return postage with drawings.
5. Drawings must be submitted on or before June 1. They will be examined promptly, and those not to be held will be returned immediately.

If you know a child who is doing interesting drawings by himself, not in school and not as a member of a drawing class, please urge him to write for blanks and send in his drawings.

A catalogue of the exhibit will be printed and mailed to each child submitting pictures.

During the month of January The Bookshop showed a group of originals of L. Leslie Brooke, the famous English illustrator. The pictures were loaned by the Frederick Warne Company in London, who are the publishers of his fine picture books of which Miss Moore writes in this number of The Horn Book. Among the collection of pictures were some from "Johnny Crow's Garden," "The Three Bears," and "Ring o' Roses."

The February exhibit was the work of Pamela Bianco. The following is an extract from Leo J. Rabbette's interesting article in the Boston *Post* of Sunday, February 15, the result of an interview with the young artist at The Bookshop.

"When Pamela first burst upon an astonished world, she was fourteen years old.

"Accompanied by her father, Capt. Francesco Bianco, formerly of the Italian army, her cherished pet cat and tea-drinking guinea pig, 'Tiddles,' fresh from her triumphs in Europe, she landed in New York, where her exhibition of one hundred and fifty-seven

drawings and paintings at the Anderson Galleries completely captured both critic and public.

"Then, as now, Pamela was quite nonchalant of the furor she created, entirely indifferent to fame. Many of the most quaint and delightful little sketches of earliest days—and she has drawn striking and ingenuous pictures from the age of nine—are on exhibition at the Boys' and Girls' Bookshop here in Boston.

"Mostly they are concerned with little girls who pout and laugh, stand on their heads and throw flowers at each other, with the cat, the guinea pigs, rabbits, onions, turnips, dolls, fairies, and angels."

The article goes on to tell of her first exhibition in London in 1919. At that time the Tate Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery of Ireland were all purchasers.

"'All the work of this extraordinary artist has been done entirely from her own observation and inspiration. She has never had a lesson in her life,' Captain Bianco says."

During March The Bookshop will have an exhibition of Children's Work in Appreciation of Art from the Educational Department of the Worcester Art Museum. The work is that of children from eight to fourteen years of age who come voluntarily to the Museum. The compositions shown are designs in the practical arts and in pictures. The children study constantly the Museum collection of pottery, textiles, and paintings, and this influence is strongly felt in their work.

Beginning April (15th), for two weeks, will be shown Boys' and Girls' Own Work from the public schools under Mr. Carleton W. Washburne in Winnetka, Ill. Mr. Washburne has spoken in Boston several times within the year about the Winnetka School System, and we believe an opportunity to see some of the work the pupils are doing there will interest parents and teachers who are following the developments of the progressive educational methods.

A

PRIZE PLAY COMPETITION

B

BECAUSE of a definite need for more play material of fine quality than exists now, The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, offers a prize of One Hundred Dollars ($100) for a good original play for children 8 to 14 years old. Manuscripts must be submitted on or before September 1, 1925. The prize play must meet the following conditions. It must have imaginative quality and picturesque setting. It must be practical to produce out-of-doors, and possible for indoor production. It must provide opportunity for singing and dancing. It must have not less than ten parts, and not exceed three acts or an hour and a half actual playing.

The rights to the prize play shall be retained by The Bookshop for two years (until October 1, 1927). It is hoped that this contest may result in bringing together a group of plays sufficiently good to be published in a volume with the Prize Play. If the play is published before the above date, a new agreement shall be made; if not published, the rights shall revert to the playwright on that date.

In the event of the publication of a collection of plays, The Bookshop will guard the interest of each playwright as carefully as its own and will see that fair agreements are worked out with each.

An addressed stamped envelope for the return of the manuscript should be enclosed with each play, and plays should be addressed:—

The Play Contest
270 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts

TWO NEW BOOKS ON COSTUME

"With the women as with the men during the Directoire and the Empire periods, the social caste was designated more by elaboration than line."

COSTUMING A PLAY, Inter-Theatre Arts Handbook, by Elizabeth B. Grimball and Rhea Wells. Designs by Rhea Wells
Century $3.00

A FRIEND who is Librarian in a fine "progressive" school writes: "'Costuming a Play' is proving most useful. Teachers, and pupils, too, are keen about it. It is so clear and usable, with all the weeding done." The chapter headings are the book's best description: I. Introduction: Showing that every costume is a development from the tunic, skirt, and cloak. II. Color: Its Use Dramatically in a Production. First Primitive Colors and How and When the Different Variations of Shades and Combinations were Introduced are Discussed in the Notes on Each Period. III. Dyeing and Decorating Textiles. IV. Lighting and Its Effect on Different Materials and Colors. V. Materials. VI. Costuming a Pageant. The costumes described are Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Medieval, Early Renaissance, 17th century, 18th century (A. Directoire; B. Empire), Mid-Victorian and Civil War. VII. Costuming a Religious Drama. The Historical Costume of the Period for Biblical Drama and the Conventionalized Medieval Costumes for the Miracle and Morality Plays.

COSTUME AND FASHION. The Evolution of European Dress through the Earlier Ages. By Herbert Norris. With sixteen Full-Page Coloured Plates, Eight Half-Tones, and over Three Hundred Line Drawings by the Author. Dutton $10.00

This book is a much larger book than the above and designed for a wider use. Mr. Morris describes not only what garments were worn in the Celtic Age for example, but also exactly how they were made and put on. He includes every garment of each class, and describes their way of wearing their hair, and their ornaments. He has included diagrams, worked out to scale on models, for many garments.

The Empress Cunigunda (1002-1024) "Costume and Fashion"

The book begins with the dress, or rather lack of it, in the earliest times to 78 A.D. Comes down through Classic Greece; Rome (Monarchical and Republican Rome, Roman Britain, Imperial Rome); the Byzantine Empire; the Britons, the Franks and the Teutons; and the Anglo-Saxons, to 1066. There is a chapter giving the history of silk from the earliest times to 1600 A.D.

The author says he has meant the book to serve teachers of history; producers of plays and actors; artists who paint historical pictures; and students of history, of costume, and of dramatic art. The book is important and makes easily available for schools interesting and essential material heretofore had only by painstaking study.

C

A and *B*, a Russian noble and a noble lady of the 16th and 17th centuries.
C, Celtic ornament. All from "Costume and Fashion."

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PETER GRANDE

SOMETHING NEW:
THE
HORN BOOK

Bookshop for Boys & Girls

Women's Educational and Industrial Union

We are most anxious that this little work should go into the hands of every person who ever heard of us. We earnestly hope it will be read by all who are truly interested in good books for boys and girls.

BOSTON: 270 Boylston Street

1924

A Little Schoolgirl (1667) Holding Her Horn-Book. From "The History of Everyday Things in England."

T. Todd